

#2

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THIS ISSUE: **secrets of the SERPENT MOON**
THE KICKASSISTAN MINISTRY OF TOURISM PRESENTS

COMPATIBLE WITH

**DCC
RPG**

METAL GODS OF UR-HADAD



WRS

The Zine That Goes To Eleven

Liner Notes

The Metal Gods crew would like to thank: Joseph Goodman & Goodman Games for obvious, the Spellburn-outs (Jim Wampler, Jeffrey Tadlock, Jobe Bitman & Jen Brinkman) for kind words, Jon Marr & the Purple Sorcerer for all the delicious zeros, Harley Stroh for boundless enthusiasm, Doug Kovacs for the late night art criticism & tutorials, the Google+ DCC RPG community for badassery, Dak Ultimak for inspiration, Heide Trepanier for holding the torch while Wayne hustles art, Katie Muszkiewicz for editing, merch and sanity, James MacGeorge for the semi-official Metal Gods playlist, the Metal Gods of Ur-Hadad online gaming group, Todd Bunn & Gateway Games & More (and his crew of miscreants) for saving the day.

Wayne Snyder relaxes after a hard day's work battling infernal insects and man-eating plants by listening to Bongripper and making "doom helmets." When he's done with that, he draws art that keeps rocking our collective asses.

Edgar Johnson was too busy writing adventures for Goodman Games and doing research to write more than one article for this issue. Jealous? Perhaps we are...

Adam Muszkiewicz still can't believe how lucky he is to be working on a project as awesome as the Metal Gods zine. He wrote much of this issue, which is a big reason it took so long to get out. Blame him.

Donn Stroud is the William Shatner of the DCC scene. He had an idea for heirloom items for your DCC lowbies.

Jason Hobbs is the least-creative person we know. Despite his obvious handicap, he managed to write up a few magic items for this issue and help with editing.



Semi-Official Metal
Gods of Ur-Hadad
playlist on Spotify



What's A d11?

Some articles in this issue of The Metal Gods ask you to roll a d11. To the best of the authors' knowledge, no such polyhedral exists, which has led Adam Muszkiewicz to invent an interpretive dice mechanism he calls the d11. To roll a d11, you roll a d12 (dodecahedron), interpreting any die result other than a "12" normally. If a "12" is rolled, an Opportunity is created and the die is rolled again. If the following die result is an odd number, Things Get Worse and the resulting outcome is worse for the players than otherwise, even if the result means a success. Similarly, if the result is an even number, Things Get Better, and the resulting outcome is better for the players than otherwise, even if the result indicates a failure. Look for future releases from the Kickassistan Ministry of Tourism that use and clarify this dice mechanism.

METAL GODS

Issue #2, Summer 2014

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All art is by Wayne Snyder except for the Purple Sorcerer by Jon Marr

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Editorial

Nothing is true, Everything is permitted

- attributed to Hassan i Sabbah

When the first issue of Metal Gods of Ur-Hadad came out, it would be an understatement to say that we were stunned and humbled by the overwhelming response. The fact that so many of our friends and peers enjoyed what we'd pieced together still stuns me. You, dear reader, have made us want to make as much cool stuff as we can.

One thing that we noticed was that a lot of folks seemed to be calling for specific details on the world of Ore and Ur-Hadad herself. Who exactly are the Metal Gods? Who are the heroes that Ur-Hadad celebrates? Who are the villains it jeers? For all these questions, I have exactly one answer:

I have no idea.

Part of the core aesthetic that Edgar and I agreed upon fairly early (though not without some argument) is that, as Sabbah is supposed to have said, "nothing is true, everything is permitted." There would be no arriving at a grand consensus of how any particular bit of history "actually went down" and who was involved. If there ever were to be any dissonance between the way he said something happened or how something is and how I thought it should be, the prevailing truth would be settled by who was the Judge at any particular point in time. The Judge is, like the pope is supposed to be, infallible. If this means a fact changes between when Edgar runs and when I do, so be it. In fact, in this issue, you'll see Edgar's interpretation of a bit of history that I interpret in a very different manner ("Torgo Speaks: The Elder Races"); this doesn't make either version of history right or wrong, just different.

And that's to be expected, isn't it?

Shouldn't two different Judges be perfectly able to look at the same content and come away with completely different impressions?

Thus, nothing is true in the world of Ore. There is no one "correct" or "canon" version of history, or even what's out there. Judges, you're going to use the stuff you find in Metal Gods as you will, so there's no point in pretending that any of this is any more than stuff a few guys made to make their games more fun and that they thought they'd share with you to see which parts you want to use.

Thus, everything is permitted in the world of Ore. You will do precisely what you want with Metal Gods material, so why should we pretend it would be any other way?

I hate to bring out the big guns, but to quote certain Misters Gygax and Arneson from *Volume 3: The Underworld & Wilderness Adventures*, "why have us do any more of your imagining for you?"

When I look at the RPG material that I enjoy most, it's not the stuff that answers all of my questions. Rather, it's the stuff that leaves space, the right spaces in the right places, for me as a Judge to make it my own. I'm going to change things anyway, so why fill in every bit of information for me? As a writer for Metal Gods, I want to make sure that I leave the same spaces, not because I'm lazy, but because I think you, as a Judge and consumer of RPG material, deserve the opportunity to make that content your own.

So do it. Use whatever you like from Metal Gods in the way you like. Turn your game up to eleven.

Thanks being here, for getting in the van with us and for joining us on this crazy train.

- Adam Muszkiewicz

Thoughts On Dice Notation

Several dice expressions throughout this zine use notation that not every reader may be familiar with. You'll notice some dice expressions include an exclamation mark ("!"), such as "2d5!". In such cases, the exclamation mark notes that the dice expression is "exploding." Exploding dice "explode" if their maximum value is rolled; the die is the re-rolled and the new roll added to the previous value. Thus, if a player is rolling "2d5!" and a "2" and a "5" is rolled, the "5" is re-rolled and that re-roll result is added to the prior total of 7.

Torgo Speaks: The Elder Races

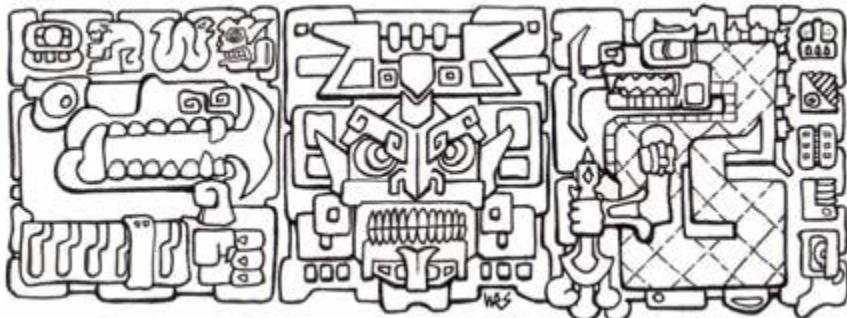
Edgar Johnson

Old Torgo Pegleg says he used to be a pirate and an adventurer when he was young, and even thought about being a wizard for a while, but he says a lot of things. Hell, he even claims he was in Mu Lakos when it got near wiped out by the serpent-men, and helped out the Divine Order of the Purple Tentacle when they was there to set things right. So, I'd take what he says with a grain of salt. Still, he never seems short of silver for another drink, or for another pouch of that awful weed with which he stinks up the Serpent's Rest, so it might be that some of what he says is maybe a little bit true. And tonight he's holding court again, sitting on his usual barstool like a king on a throne, and holding forth for a rapt audience of young folk with bigger balls than they got brains. He ought to know better. If these young fools hare off into some dank cave looking to get rich, they'll likely end up a fine, city-bred meal for something meaner and uglier than they'll ever be. But the man does tell a fine story... Tonight he's telling the tale of the Old Ones and the Serpent-Men.

Long, long ago, before there were Men, there were two great races. One of them, usually just called the "Old Ones," came from beyond the stars, through a place in the bottom of the world. They are gods, it is said, or demons, depending on who you're askin'. But one thing's for sure: They weren't from around here, on Ore. They don't bleed good red blood (or even green blood like the damned elves), and their ways are inexplicable, save for one thing: They wanted to rule this place. They almost did, too. Now, to look at them, they weren't too different than one of them squids what wash up on the shingle sometimes, but bigger, very much bigger. When came the Old Ones from the place beyond the stars, they took to the deeps of the seas, and built there many great cities and, in them, works of great power, though their purposes were unintelligible to the likes of men. Mayhap the serpent-men know more, but they ain't telling, those what still slither amid the wild places of Ore.

Now, the Old Ones seemed, at first, content to hold to the seas, but then they got bolder. They began to take to the land, and to get upon the serpent-men some of their foul offspring, for it seemed the Old Ones like to get with all manner of creatures, and not just their own, though none know why. They also brought more of their folk with 'em. Maybe they even made the other ones from scratch, for they were able to do such things. The Old Ones even been known to put their get upon our own women, it's said. You can tell them with the Old Blood, 'cause they have a queer look to 'em, walleyed and kinda... moist. Mostly them what got that look keep to themselves, and live in the low places down around the seas. They're plannin' something, though, I tell ya. Probably gonna wake the Old Ones or something, when the stars be right in the heavens. Cain't trust 'em, no how.

Them Old Ones had a little problem. When they got here, Ore weren't theirs for the takin', for it already had masters, and they weren't keen on givin' it up. That other race had no name, at least not one the



tongues of men can say properly. So, we just call by what they look like: Serpent-Men. Wizard-snakes with arms is what they were, and the oldest creatures on Ore. In their own language the name for their folk sounds like a long hiss, and means, “us folk,” or so I heard from a wizard. Called himself Formerly Ian, that one, but I never did learn what he really was called.

Anyhow, the Serpent-Men were wise in all manner o’ foul sorcery, and mainly they liked to breed all kind o’ things to fight in their wars, first with the Old Ones and later with the elves. They created lizard-men, but they also made other fearful things. That wizard told me they made the dwarves, then men, and then halflings, to do battle in their war with the Elves. That may be true, but it don’t sound true to me. My daddy might have been a hard man, but he weren’t kin to no snake, no matter what my momma said.

Well, when the Old Ones came for them, the Serpent-Men wouldn’t stand for it, and rained all manner o’ death upon the seas, breaking the cities of the Old Ones, and poisoning the waters for a time and giving rise to many a corruption. There’s plenty of fishermen can tell you tales of abominations what still swarm ‘neath the waves in all the seas of Ore. Ain’t nobody knows how long that war went on, but in the end the serpent-men and their minions ruled Ore. And they ruled for ages after that. They ruled all the way up until the great star arks of the Elven Dominion blotted out the sun and the moons, and then descended like the wrath the gods themselves upon Ore.

In the end, the Serpent-Men, the Lizard-Men, and their all their kind were brought low by the elves, most of ‘em killed outright, and the rest driven into the swamps, and jungles, and other lonely places. Still, they hang around, for, sure as the moon be broken, they ain’t done with us yet, not by a long shot. I seen what they did down south from here, in the port o’ Mu Lakos. Word has it that they killed near the whole town, and drained all the blood and carved the hearts out of a couple of hundred young’ns, just like you lot. Don’t know what they did with all that blood and the hearts. You’d have to ask a wizard about that, and they ain’t talking to the likes of you. It weren’t nothin’ good, that’s for sure.

Metal Magic - Items of Power From Ur-Hadad

Jason Hobbs & Adam Muszkiewicz

Rod of Robhal

This rod is about 8 inches long consisting of a tapering cylinder handle connected to an orb about 2" in diameter, covered in metal mesh. It was offered to the Priests of Joodahs by the Metal God Robhal, lord of law breakers, himself. Unfortunately, the Priests of Joodahs were decimated and scattered to the hills well on a century ago. The rod, blessed by Robhal himself, has myriad uses. It can be used as a mace, send silent messages miles away and, given the proper circumstances, fire a sonic blast from the orb powerful enough to smash open the gates of the strongest fortress.

When used as a mace, the rod provides a +1 bonus to attack and damage rolls except when used against constables, sheriffs and magistrates (or other similar legal authorities) attempting to exert their authority, against whom the rod provides similar bonuses at +3. Any message spoken into the head of the rod may be telepathically projected into the minds of any target the possessor knows (though the target may block the transmission with a DC 13 Will save). Turned to the purpose of demolition, the rod may project a blast of force (not unlike the Force manipulation spell) against any door, gate or similar barrier that bars the possessor's path. The barrier must make a Fortitude save (DC 25) to survive intact.

The whereabouts of the Rod of Robhal are currently unknown, but it is suspected to be in the hands of Segvar the Defender, the secretive leader of the remnants of Robhal's scattered priesthood.



No one has sent more zero-levels to their doom than the Purple Sorcerer. In thanks for this constant stream of sacrifices, the Metal Gods of Ur-Hadad are donating 1/2 of all proceeds of this zine's pdf release & fan donations to support Purple Sorcerer's online DCC tools.

<http://purplesorcerer.com>

Magor's Manacles

These nondescript manacles were commissioned by Andrel Magor, a bounty hunter of note in the First City. Andrel came into some renown by assisting the current Viziership during the recent attempted coup by House Ar-Varast and the Bloody Successors to reinstate the Paschate. The Bounty Hunter used the wealth earned through his loyalty to the Vizier to hire sorcerers from the Cult of the Gloaming Deeps to ensorcel his iron manacles. They appear of a nondescript circle of metal bearing two sigils of power: one on the outside of the circlet and one within.

When the inner sigil is pressed against the wrists of a prisoner, the manacles immediately purge the next person placed in the manacles of all magical effects currently upon them, as if a Dispel magic spell had been cast upon them with a result of 22 (see DCC RPG, page 209). If the outer sigil is pressed, it locks the manacles in a manner identical to a Ward portal spell, cast with a result of 20 (DCC RPG, page 160; note: this makes the seams and lock mechanism invisible!).

While Andrel Magor is the sole possessor of all known pairs of these manacles, it is possible that, upon receiving the right donation, the Cult of the Gloaming Deeps might make another. Since the Gloaming Deeps rarely attracts wealthy members, this amount may be negotiable.

Sanguine Resonator

This crystal is about 8 inches long and tapers to a sharp point. The other end is wrapped in worn leather which can be used as an adequate, if imperfect, haft. The Resonator is a poor weapon but an excellent sacrificial dagger. By using it as such in a ritual sacrifice, the bearer can draw the life force of the victim into the Resonator for later use as Spellburn.

When used to sacrifice a willing victim (not very likely, but some cults get weird in Ur-Hadad), the Resonator may collect one point of potential Spellburn for every two points of Strength, Agility and Toughness the victim had. Similarly, if used to sacrifice an unwilling victim (much more likely, but a very Chaotic action), the Resonator may collect one point of potential Spellburn for every four points of Strength, Agility and Toughness the victim had. These points may be expended during the casting of a spell exactly like ability points Spellburned. A maximum of 10 points of Spellburn potential may be stored at a time within a single Sanguine Resonator; once filled to 10 points, a Resonator will accept no more points of Spellburn potential. Upon expending the last of its "charge," a Sanguine Resonator will shatter into worthless shards.

Sanguine Resonators have long been known to wizards and sorcerers of Ur-Hadad, though their origins have largely remained a mystery. Recently, a large number have found their way onto the First City's black market, often through Ver-Men intermediaries.

SECRETS OF THE **SERPENT MOON**

Adam Muszkiewicz

Two moons orbit the world of Ore: one was broken in huge chunks and debris ages ago. The other, the smaller of the two, pale green in color, is the Serpent Moon. Long regarded by all races of Ore as connected to the Serpent-Men, few ever guess why. This adventure toolkit presents you, the DCC Judge, the opportunity to invent the secret that the Serpent-Men have hidden away, deep at the core of the Serpent Moon. Why did they build this moon base? Why did they kidnap the PCs and place them in stasis within it? What nefarious plot are they hatching to doom the Ore once more to millennia of Serpent rule?

I have no idea. That's for you to figure out.

Instead, here are some tools that I came up with when I wanted to figure out what was on the Serpent Moon when a group of adventurers teleported there at last year's GenCon. Since then, several groups have found themselves on the Serpent Moon (different every time!) for various reasons (different every time!), doing strange things (you get the drift!).

How to Use This Kit

First, come up with a nefarious plot that the Serpent-Men need a moonbase for. This plot has gone wrong. Serpent-Men, in their "infinite wisdom," keep some mammals around, frozen in tubes, to do the stuff that's too lowly for reptile kind to do. Thus, whenever something goes wrong, they defrost some mammals, feed them a line about earning their freedom if they fix the problem or imply that they have no choice, then see what happens. Don't make this too complicated, players will complicate it plenty. Just give the players a general idea of what to do on the moon base.

Then, you'll need a map, or something that serves as one. Use the tables on the following pages to sort out what's in the rooms. Tie all this in to the mission that the Serpent-Men need done and you've got a back drop. Note that Table 2-2: Sector Transport describes how to get from important places on the map to other important places and should be used several times on your map, but you don't have to use it every time the PCs move from room to room.

This kit will irrevocably screw up the PCs that are brought to it and could possibly introduce some crazy technology that you don't want floating around in your campaign. This kit is an opportunity to let things get as weird as you can handle, but remember, if it goes past that point, there's no harm at all in pressing "self destruct." Literally.

Table 2.1 - Experimental Alteration

1-2 - Extra Body Part - Roll d5

- 1 - Head - Has same stats as the first. Think Zaphod.*
- 2 - Arm - Can use two-weapon fighting as if his Agi was 4 pts higher.
- 3 - Legs - Increase speed by 10' and +2 to saves to resist being knocked prone/back.
- 4 - Tail - +2 to Reflex saves. **
- 5 - Wings - Vestigial. +1 to Personality.***

3-4 - Brain Alteration - Psychic Powers! - Roll d5

- 1 - Word of Command - As cleric spell cast using Int, Per or Luck.****
- 2 - Charm Person - As wizard spell cast using Int, Per or Luck.****
- 3 - Force Manipulation - As wizard spell cast using Int, Per or Luck.****
- 4 - +d4-2 Intelligence - (Better: +1d4-1; Worse: -1d4+1)
- 5 - +d4-2 Personality - (Better: +1d4-1; Worse: -1d4+1)

5-6 - Body Weaponry - Roll d5

- 1 - Claws - d4 damage.
- 2 - Horns - d4 headbutt, 2d5 on a charge.
- 3 - Quills - d3 damage to successful melee attackers.
- 4 - Projectile - d6 damage with 30' range. May use every other round.
- 5 - Symbiont - Get creative.

7-8 - Unique Transportation - Roll d5

- 1 - Snailfoot - Can't be pushed down, can climb up sheer surfaces. Movement speed halved.
- 2 - Monkeypaw - Arboreal; can climb trees or similar at normal movement speed.
- 3 - Rathead - Can squeeze through any opening his head will fit through.
- 4 - Dolphin Swim - Swims at normal movement rate (may "run" while swimming).
- 5 - Penguin Slide - May slide down any incline without any fear of damage (unless incline is naturally dangerous, i.e., made of razors, etc.).

9-10 - Conjoined Twin - Roll up Int, Per and Luck for the conjoined twin. Now you've got two PCs! If Things Get Better, the twins get along and work together well. If Things Get Worse, your twin is your worst enemy.

11 - Psychic Symbiont - There's something else living in your mind. Who knows what it's doing there...

*If Things Get Better, this head is cooperative and may have insights that help out. If Things Get Worse, the head does its best to make life difficult for you.

** If Things Get Better, the tail is fully prehensile and can function like a third hand. If Things Get Worse, the tail has a mind of its own and often embarrasses you and complicates things.

*** If Things Get Better, they're not vestigial and actually work, giving you a flight speed equal to 1/2 your normal speed.

**** Normally, this psionic power is influenced by the PC's Luck. If Things Get Better, the PC uses the highest of the three scores; if Things Get Worse, the worst of the three is used.

Table 2.2 - Sector Transport

- 1 - **Matter Transmitter** - Not calibrated for humans, this transporter-like device hurts! Fortitude save DC 12 or take d8 hit points damage.
- 2 - **Bio-Mimetic Reconstruction** - Makes a temporary clone of the character out of bio-mimetic gel at the remote location. Bonus: The clone is naked!
- 3 - **Rocket Shuttle** - When you absolutely, positively have to be there NOW! Fort save DC 8 or G-forces make you lose your lunch.
- 4 - **Monorail** - "Please stand clear of the doors." You now know how to say that in Serpent-Man.
- 5 - **Byakhee** - Space bats! Any sort of failed Luck rolls involving these guys mean the Byakhee decide to fly you home... to Carcosa.
- 6 - **TUBES!** - Gravitopneumatic crazy ride reminiscent of a water slide.
- 7 - **Living Door** (Sphincter-like)- Slurps you in on one side, excretes you on the other. Failed Luck check means you stink.
- 8 - **How did we get here, anyway?** - Gain a point of Luck if you can figure it out. And why that midget in the grass skirt is chasing you.
- 9 - **Slow-Moving Elevator** - Only plays "the Girl From Ipanema" mu-zak version over and over and over and over...
- 10 - **SPACE WHALE!**- Much more agreeable than the space bats, the only catch is you have to ride in his mouth. Might be the best friend you ever make in space.
- 11 - **Impossible Corridor** - This corridor is the result of a failed quantum positioning experiment and now, rather than being infinitesimally short, it's impossibly long. Getting from one end to the other takes d7 days. Once you're in, you're in and it takes that long to get to either entrance.

Prepping PCs

In my experience, this kit works best with either throwaway PCs or with PCs who've long been absent from the limelight. Possibly ones who've died, disappeared, fallen through wormholes, gotten swallowed by gods, and so on. The Serpent-Men don't particularly care about mammals, but likely see some imaginary "grand design" at work in the mammal "servants" they choose to put on ice. Have your players dig out their favorite lost PCs or generate some on the fly.

Remember that these guys have been frozen by the Serpent-Men for some amount of time. As such, they've been experimented upon. Have each player roll d11 on Table 2-1: Physical Alteration 1d4-1 (minimum 1) times to figure out what this experimentation has done to them.

These newly-mutated PCs are in cryotubes somewhere in the moon base, and sure, they can have their gear. Why not?

Table 2.3 - Incomprehensible Space Equipment

- 1 - **Microwave Booth** - Like a normal microwave, but booth-sized! Microwave your friends!
- 2 - **Mammal Milker** - A devious device in search of a nipple. Make sure it's not set to "fill" before operating.
- 3 - **Space Suit** - For Serpent-Men. Fits humans, but makes you look like a space mermaid.
- 4 - **Robot Butler** - Will take your coat and serve you drinks.
- 5 - **Lazer Knife!** - Toasts bread as you cut it or... something more boring.
- 6 - **Communicator** - Just one. Maybe you can find another or tune in to Serpent-Man coms.
- 7 - **Dehydrated Snake Foods** - Self-rehydrating rodentia sealed in mylar. Just like mom used to make.
- 8 - **Recreational Scent Emitter** - Knows your favorite scent then shares it with the world.
- 9 - **Mammal Hypnosis Device** - Makes willing snacks out of monsters and PCs alike.
- 10 - **Children's Edutainment Holomodule** - Imagine the worst kids program songs of your youth. Now make the holographic, anthropomorphic animal sing them in the Serpent-Man language.
- 11 - **Scale Remover/Polisher** - Sometimes, you need a little help molting. For every other time, don't your scales deserve a good polish?

The Set Up

When the PCs exit their cryotubes, describe the return of sensation and the bitter cold, then it's time to introduce the adventure's MC, Manskin Tailsock.

A holographic remnant of a decorated Serpent-Man scientist, Manskin Tailsock will first address the PCs in his own language, hoping that one of them is not a complete barbarian. To anyone who can speak his language, Tailsock is guardedly polite, going to so far as to properly introduce himself and provide relatively accurate information. Be aware that "Manksin Tailsock" is merely the translation of his name in Common, named as he is after the incredibly fashionable garment he wears on his tail. Elvis, for example, might have been "Blue Suede Shoe," were he a Serpent-Man.

To everyone else, he is, of course, a rude, condescending jerk who spends as much time on "putting you mammals in your proper place" as he does explaining what the problem is (as best he knows it) and what must be done to fix it.

It's important to understand that Tailsock isn't omniscient, however. If he knows and can tell the PCs what lies around every corner, the adventure quickly becomes pointless. Instead, answer such questions with "that is beyond the scope of my program" or "the internal sensors in that sector seem to be malfunctioning."





Table 2.4 - Failed Experiments

- 1 - Cybernetic Centaur - The Serpent-Men never could quite get the legs working right on this guy. If activated, he spends his whole time screaming and pleading for death.
- 2 - Very Bad Clones - These immediately clone whoever operates them, but not very well. These guys need a tad more incubation. Not hostile and occasionally unfortunately friendly.
- 3 - Continuum-Rending Math Equation - Hope you can't read it. If you can, hope you're bad at math. If you're good at math, get ready for the mother of all calculus headaches.
- 4 - Roller Skates for Serpent-Men - Amaze yourself with your players' antics as they try to sort out these wheels strapped to largish metal ovals.
- 5 - Random Re-Name Generator - This ray gun will immediately re-name its target. 1 in 11 chance of it producing an appropriate name other than just gibberish.
- 6 - Evolution Ray - Evolves (more Int/Per, less Str/Tough) or devolves (more Str/Tough, less Int/Per) the target.
- 7 - Cancer Detector/Remover/Creator - You can save millions! Or be an unconscionable asshole.
- 8 - Truth Serum (Telepathic) - His lips tell the lie, but his projected thoughts tell the truth.
- 9 - Growth Ray - As an *Enlarge* spell. Somehow.
- 10 - Insect Command Device - More or less *Charm person* if insects were people. Who says they're not?
- 11 - Schrodinger's Catbox - This box both does and does not need to be cleaned.

Table 2.5 - Broken Replicator

- 1 - Tea, Earl Grey, HOT!
- 2 - Twinkies... just Twinkies
- 3 - Everything is old, out-of-date and moldy
- 4 - Everything tastes like roast beef
- 5 - Wax food
- 6 - Bio-mimetic gel, the Stem Cells of the future
- 7 - Your dinner is alive! - The pork chop bites back!
- 8 - Will only produce books of Serpent-Man poetry - Good luck reading.
- 9 - Will only produce foods it believes are correct for apes
- 10 - Free prize inside! - A big mylar package coated in food dust. Who knows what's inside.
- 11 - Replicates the operator - Nope, not a living replication.

Table 2-6: Bioweapons

- 1 - Razor Fly Grenade - 1d6 damage per round. The cloud of flies follows everyone in the detonation zone.
- 2 - Explosive Goo Fruit - Reflex save or stuck in place by sickly sweet fruit juice. You need a bath.
- 3 - Weasel-Launcher & Cannisters - If it hits, it goes straight down the trousers. 1d5 damage per round.
- 4 - Automatic Hummingbird Projector - A constant stream of homing hummingbirds. +2 to hit, even around corners, 3d8 damage.
- 5 - Were-Serum Injector - Not sure why you'd want your foes to be were-beasts, but sure.
- 6 - Flesh-In-A-Can - Seals up openings in flesh. Can heal for d6+1, blind or suffocate.
- 7 - Curare Flechette Pistol - Only d4 damage, but Fort save DC 14 or paralysis.
- 8 - Brain Blossom Pollen Bomb - Will save DC 14 or your mind expands... right out of your skull.
- 9 - Brain Squid Propeller - If hit, Will save DC 16 to resist the brain squid's commands.
- 10 - Ghost Cannon - The only cannon that can hit ghosts.
- 11 - Virus Aerosol - Fort save DC 12 or disease for everyone in a 10' radius.



Table 2-7: Room Type

- 1 - Barracks - Where Serpent-Men live(d) (encounter, bioweapon)
- 2 - Mess Hall - Where they eat (broken replicator)
- 3 - Kitchen - Where they cook (2 broken replicators)
- 4 - Science Lab - Where they work (space tech, failed experiment)
- 5 - Rec Area - Where they play (space tech, encounter)
- 6 - Nursery - Where their kids are born
- 7 - Storage - Where they keep their stuff (failed experiment, bioweapon)
- 8 - Waste Reclamation - Turns waste into useful things
- 9 - Robot Storage - Think of it like a robot garage. Parts, bots, charging stations, etc.
- 10 - Med Bay - The med beds heal 1d6, cause body alteration (2-1)
- 11 - Biome - A sort of hyper-greenhouse or biodome (encounter)

The parentheticals suggest rolls on different tables from this article.

Table 2-8: Encounters

1-2: Tyrannocyber Rex - #App 1 - Init +0; Atk claw +4 melee (1d6) or bite +3 melee (1d8) plus brain laser +3 ranged (1d10); AC 15; HD 5d8; MV 40'; Act 3d20 (one must be the brain laser); SP Cybernetic qualities (Immune to Sleep and Charm spells, +4 to resist poison & disease, other things that make sense), Infravision (100'); SV Fort +7, Ref +2, Will +5; AL N.

Part dinosaur, part machine, this cybernetic monstrosity is ready to tear the PCs to shreds without hesitation.

3-4: Serpent-Manbominations - #App 1d3+1 - Init +1; Atk serpent arms +3 melee (1d4 + poison) or bite +1 melee (1d6 + poison); AC 13; HD 3d8; MV 30'; Act 2d20; SP Infravision (100'), Poison (Fort save DC 14 or 1d6 Str damage); SV Fort +4, Ref +4, Will +3; AL C.

Spawned from the Serpent-Man eggs corrupted by black magics and cosmic radiations, these atavistic beasts have clusters of snakes where their arms should be and a primal urge to kill!

5: S-s-s-space Pirate Ghosts! - #App 2d7 - Init +0; Atk spectral cutlass +0 melee (0 damage; Fort save DC 13 or 1 Str damage); AC 11; HD d6; Act 1d20; SP Undead, Incorporeal; SV Fort +0, Ref +2, Will +1; AL C.

Their space galley crashed here centuries ago, and now they haunt the moon base with impunity. Perhaps the PCs are just the right folks to help them lift (or even spread) their curse!

6-7: Sleestaks! - # App 1d7+1 - Init +1; Atk claw +2 melee (1d6) or “crossbow” +3 missile (1d8+1); AC 14; HD 2d8+2; MV 30'; Act 2d20; SP Infravision (100') and Disorienting hiss (DC 14 Will save or -1 to attacks, saves and AC for d4! rounds); SV Fort +2, Ref +3, Will +3; AL N.

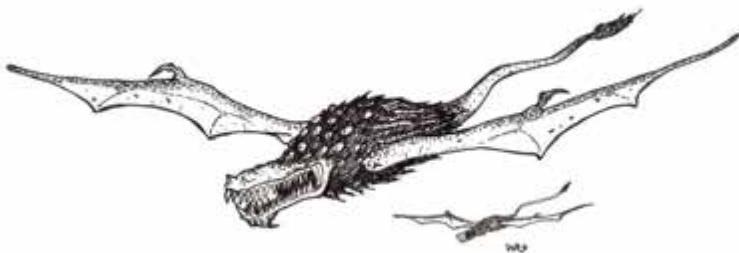
Once a vital slave race kept by the Serpent-Men, these hissing semi-reptilian, semi-insectoid humanoids have descended into barbarism and the worship of strange, incomprehensible idol-gods.

8-9: Robonanny - # App 1 - Init+0; Atk robograbber +3 melee (1d4 plus Grab) or pacification ray +5 (as Sleep spell); AC 13; HD 4d10; MV 30' flying; Act 2d20; SP Infravision (60'), Robot immunities (Sleep or Charm spells, poison, disease, etc.), Grab (DC 13 Ref save to escape); SV Fort +5, Ref +3, Will +5; AL N.

Charged with keeping the eggs in the nursery, the robonanny strikes with furious vengeance against any with the temerity to deny that it is, in fact, nap time.

10-11: Tiny Dinosaurs - #App 2d5 - Init +2; Atk claw +2 melee (1d4) or bite +1 melee (1d6); AC 12; HD 1d8+2; MV 40'; Act 1d20; SP Stealth +5; SV Fort +3, Ref +3, Will +0; AL N.

They're kind of cute... until they rip your hamstring out and go to town on your throat when you're down on your back. Beware, these guys hunt in packs and are surprisingly stealthy.



A Way Out

You should plan for at least one way off the moon. Dangle this in front of your PCs as their ticket to freedom, off this chunk of poison-colored rock. The obvious reason is that your PCs just might need them if they survive whatever you and the Serpent Moon throw at them. Less obvious is the motivation to act that knowing “there are escape pods on Level 6!” can provide. Even less obvious is how great of a tool it can be when you make those escape pods (and perhaps most of Level 6) get hit with a meteor or disintegrator ray or similar catastrophe when the adventure has made your PCs too weird to be tolerated back home or when you’re looking to push the right buttons.

Encounters

Plan encounters to mesh with your vision of what life should be like on a Serpent-Man moon base and your vision of what’s gone wrong on it. Use Table 2-8: Encounters to get ideas, tackle wandering monsters or to stock rooms as you see fit.

Incomprehensible Space Tech/Failed Experiments

When using this tool kit, I treat the space tech and failed experiment tables as a sort of mixed bag for the players. On one hand, they represent an excellent opportunity for players to waste time with something neat or fun or downright confusing. On the other, they provide the closest thing the moon base has to traps. I’ve found that if you put some knobs and switches, LEDs and toggles in front of some players, they’ll walk themselves straight into the Microwave Booth asking “What happens when I...?” Not all of these moments need to be deadly; some can be fun or strange or (in the case of the Mammal Milker) just plain icky. Have fun with these, because your players sure will.

Final Word

You’ll quickly notice that I don’t give stats for everything. That’s because you’re a DCC Judge and own #2 of the Metal Gods of Ur-Hadad zine; therefore, you have impeccable taste and can be trusted to come up with something just as fun as what I would. Just remember, the single most important thing for you to figure out is exactly what the secret of the Serpent Moon is. Let that guide every other decision you make.

Bounty Hunters of Ur-Hadad

Adam Muszkiewicz

Bounty hunting just might be the second oldest profession. Everyone is worth something to someone, so the bounty hunter's real art (other than capturing or killing his targets) is figuring who's worth what to whom. Throughout the First City, criers announce the most lucrative bounties as much to notify the criminals how badly they're wanted as to let the average population know and guard stations maintain up-to-date records of available bounties from both private parties and official channels.

Who Wants Whom And Why

Having a list of available bounties at the ready can help any Judge with the pesky problem of offering his players enough crazy-ass choices to let your players make fun decisions. To get started, roll a bunch of d11s and create a nice long list of bounties. Then either pick a number that you think is a good amount or roll some dice to figure how many of these bounties are currently available (I like to roll 2d5 for this because I love to roll d5's; also, six is the median on 2d5 and seems like a reasonable amount for players to make meaningful choices with). For each bounty, roll 6d11.

The Offense

What did the wanted person do to earn the bounty on his head? Roll d11. (1 - 2) - Violent crime. (3 - 4) - Property crime (theft, destruction of property, vandalism, etc.). (5 - 6) - A crime against honor (an insult, "compromising" a young lady's honor, or a young man's for that matter, etc.). (7 - 8) - Political "crime" (trumped up charges against a political opponent, etc.). (9 - 10) - "White collar" crime (embezzlement, fraud, stuff like that). (11) - Diabolism and the dark arts. **Things Get Better:** The quarry's crimes have alienated him from his criminal (or not-so-criminal) pals. They won't be terribly loyal to him if they even help him at all. **Things Get Worse:** Not only does the quarry have the support of his outlaw allies, but those allies are of superior number, power or capability than they would otherwise be.

The Quarry

Who's got the bounty on his head, anyway? Roll d11. (1 - 2) - A fighter/warrior type. Better bring serious firepower. (3 - 4) - A cleric. Hope his god isn't as powerful as yours. (5 - 6) - A thief. Keep your eyes peeled and watch each other's backs. (7 - 8) - A demi-human. One of the normal types for your campaign or setting. (9 - 10) - A monstrous humanoid. Beastmen or trolls or something (yes, it can be an orc if you have orcs in your campaign.) (11) - A wizard. Just give up now. **Things Get Better:** He's not an actually very impressive specimen of his type; he's 1d3 levels lower than anticipated. **Things Get Worse:** The quarry is much more powerful than anticipated; add 1d3! levels.

Last Known Location

Where will the quarry be found? Roll d11. (1 - 4) - Up to one day's ride away. (5 - 8) - Up to two days' ride away. (9 - 10) - Up to three days' ride away. (11) - Somewhere in the city. **Things Get Better:** The quarry is known to be hiding out in a specific location that should be easy to find. **Things Get Worse:** The quarry's location is completely unknown.

The Bounty

How much is he worth anyway? Roll d11. (1 - 2) - 100 gp. (3 - 4) - 250 gp. (5 - 6) - 500 gp. (7 - 8) - 750 gp. (9 - 10) - 1,000 gp. (11) - 2,000 gp. **Things Get Better:** The quarry is worth twice the bounty... if you can bring him in alive. **Things Get Worse:** The quarry is only worth the full bounty if he is brought in alive; he's worth nothing to you dead.

The Client

In the end, you've got to get paid, which begs the question: who's footing this bill? Roll d11 to figure out who you're working for. (1-2) - Merchant or businessman. May be of any social class. (3-4) - A doctor, sage, barrister or other professional. (5-6) - The bureaucracy of Ur-Hadad, the governing apparatus of eunuchs and functionaries that make the city run. (7-8) - A priest of one of the many temples on the Avenue of One-Thousand Gods. (9-10) - A member of one of the many Noble Houses of Ur-Hadad. (11) - The Grand Vizier himself. **Things Get Better:** Impressed by your work, the client immediately offers you another job at higher pay than the one you just completed. **Things Get Worse:** The client doesn't have the money on him, right now, at all, or refuses to deal with the PCs directly (particularly if they're uncouth types).



Axes of the Metal Gods: The Rickenbastard

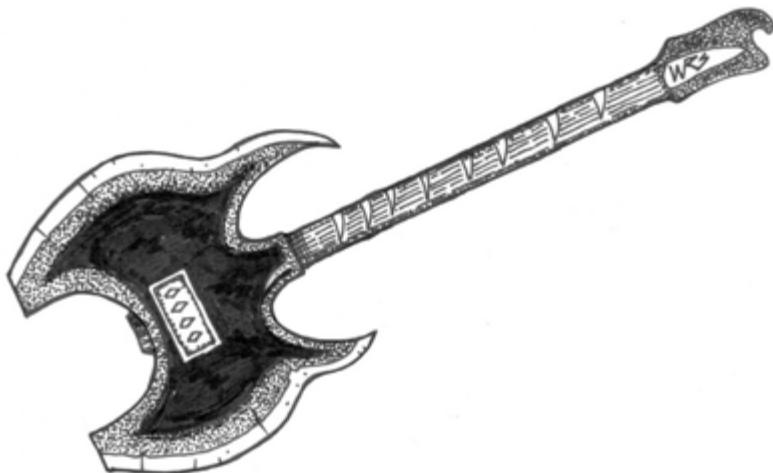
by Adam Muszkiewicz

Of all the Metal Gods, one stands apart as nearly a force of nature. Unstoppable, insatiable, Lemm the Killmaster traverses the celestial realms, doing as He wills, taking no prisoners and using the cosmos as He sees fit. During the course of His eternal debauch, Lemm has wielded many weapons, usually axes, and perhaps the best-known of these is the weapon known as the Rickenbastard. Until recently, the Rickenbastard was lost to time, a loss attributable to a schism in the early generations of Lemm's priesthood. Several weeks ago, however, the Rickenbastard was recovered from the ruins of a lost temple by a schlub of an adventurer known only as "Pitstain," who ended up being lost to time and space through a vortex into an odd dimension known only as "Platonic Space." Who knows where the Rickenbastard may be found next?

The Rickenbastard

The Rickenbastard is a great axe of a red-brown unknown metal. Its blade is engraved with a leaf-like motif and appointed with golden inlays and hardware such that the parts that aren't the reddish, brownish metal gleam in stark contrast. The engravings wick blood away from the blade and, when enough of it pools up amongst the leaves on the blade, the axe unleashes its greatest power (though theologists speculate that other "potent fluids" such as strong spirits might have the same effect).

The Rickenbastard has a strong personality, and whether that personality influenced Lemm the Killmaster or whether Lemm the Killmaster defined that personality is a matter of some debate among the priests of the Metal Gods. Whatever the case, the Rickenbastard is strongly Neutral, owing no allegiance to Law or Chaos, nor permitting its wielder the same. Should the axe be possessed by a Lawful or Chaotic being, they lose 1 point of Luck per day for three days, then 1 point of Luck per week thereafter. Anyone reduced to 0 Luck by the Rickenbastard has had their soul destroyed by the blade and dies, their soul claimed by the domain of the dead. The axe is intelligent (Int 12) and functions in all ways as a battleaxe (d10 damage, 2-h only) +1 that communicates its desires to the wielder through Empathy. The Rickenbastard has the following Banes: Wizards (+2 total attack bonus vs. wizards), Clerics (Berserker fury when facing clerics; see page 368 in DCC Core Rulebook). Once per day in place of an attack, the wielder may strike the ground to create a resounding boom of thunder, causing all enemies within 40' to take 1d8 points of sonic damage (no save). If the Rickenbastard deals 20 points of damage within a single day and



claims the life of at least one creature, the wielder may burn a point of Luck at increase the axe's enchantment bonus to +2. Should this come to pass, however, the wielder immediately begins to experience urges similar to those of Lemm the Killmaster. When presented with the opportunity to indulge these urges (the opportunity to kill a foe, to drink to excess or to bed someone, for example), the wielder must make a DC 15 Will save to resist the urge (the wielder may also burn 1 Luck to resist the urge should he so desire). If the wielder ever goes a week without killing something with the Rickenbastard or fails to indulge in "Lemm's urges" at least once per week, the axe loses this additional enchantment and returns to acting as a +1 battle axe, but will never again be able to increase the enchantment to +2. Such is Lemm the Killmaster's distaste for the "weakling" wielder that never again shall he attain such a perfect union with the blade.

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Heirloom Weapons in DCC

by *Donn Stroud*

Donn is always looking to add a bit of flair and flavor to PCs, particularly low-level ones. Here, he came up with a few tables to help you sort out a weapon that's been handed down in your character's family and whether the stories that your crazy ol' grandad used to tell about it hold any truth to them, or whether it's all just a pack of hokum. - Adam

Roll on the tables below as necessary and reasonable.

Type of Heirloom - d20

(1-3): Dagger (4-6): Short Sword (7-11): Long Sword (12): Axe (13): Sling (14): Bow (15): Hammer (16): Scimitar (17): Mace (18): Spear (19): Crossbow (20): Shield

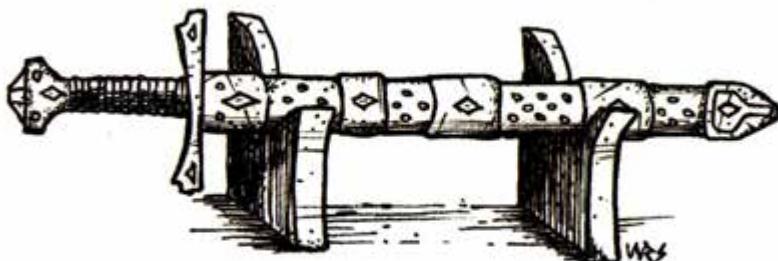
Passed Down for d4 Generations

Appearance - d8

(1): Broken (2-5): Worn but still strong (6): Jeweled (7): Precious metals (8): Runes or script

Made of - d10

(1): Bone (2): Strange wood that never loses edge (3): Meteorite metals (4): Forgotten alloy technology (5-9): Iron/Steel/Bronze (10): Mithril



History - d20

- 1: Used in battle against [Race d10 below]
- 2: Used in a border skirmishes
- 3: Used in a civil war
- 4: Pulled out of a tree that had grown around it
- 5: Pulled out of a living monster's body
- 6: Pulled out of an ancient skeleton
- 7: Crafted of strange wood
- 8: Discovered in a dungeon
- 9: Discovered in a cave
- 10: Discovered in a tomb
- 11: Discovered in a [Race d10 below] hoard
- 12: Stolen from the King of [Race d10 below]
- 13: Stolen from your ancestor. You find it!
- 14: Looted from a bandit camp
- 15: Granted for life's service in military
- 16: Granted for life's service in city guard
- 17: Granted by a lord as an honor
- 18: Accidentally killed a family member in past
- 19: A Gift from Forest Spirits
- 20: A Gift from royalty

Race - d10

- (1): Elves (2): Dwarves (3-6): Beast Men (7): Serpent-Men (8): Undead
- (9): Ape Men (10): Demons

Why/How is it "magic?" - d12

- 1: Bathed in the blood of many men
- 2: Bathed in the Blood of an Otherworlder
- 3: Bathed in the Blood of a Wizard
- 4: Bathed in the Blood of a Godling
- 5: Washed in the light of the Three Moons
- 6: Enchanted by Elves
- 7: Enchanted by a God
- 8: Enchanted by a Wizard
- 9: Enchanted by a Priest
- 10: Conviction and Ideals of past user
- 11: Everyday use has enchanted the weapon
- 12: A ghost/spirit/soul is trapped within

Secret Rolls For Judge

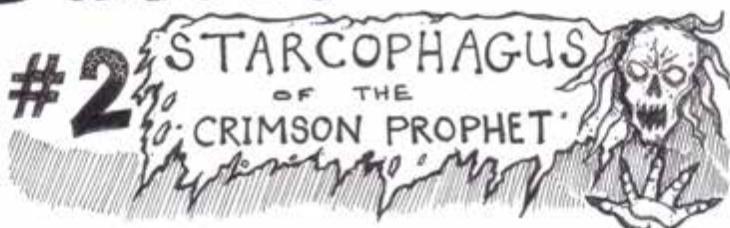
Is it magic? - d20

- 1-17: No
- 18+: Yes

Is it all stories and exaggerations? - d6

- 1-2: Yes
- 3-4: Probably
- 5-6: No, it's all at least partially true

DUNGEON INSERT



CUT OUT AND SECRETLY PLACE INSIDE YOUR DUNGEON NOTES

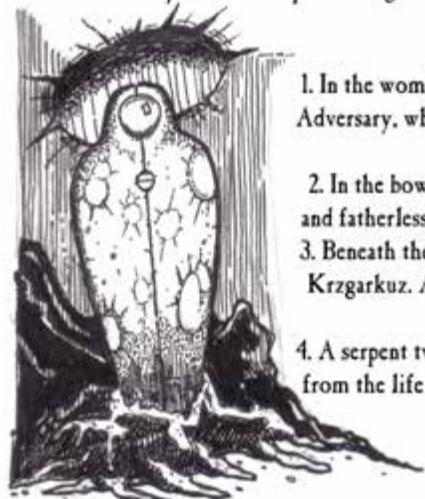
Zemuel Lek was a poet and prophet in the Age of Lemm. Dressed in a flowing red cloak, he would shout his visionary rhythmic verse from the summit of the mighty walls of Jkurt, the fortress estate of the Bajini-Hsuuk third family of Ur-Hadad. One cool evening as the sand cats wailed from the cracks in the blasted rocks, Zemuel spoke his greatest prophetic poem. The epic told of the ghastly over throw of the Empress Sofya and the destruction of her entire family line. For this heresy Zemuel was imprisoned in a stone starcophagus etched with the details of his crimes and through violent sorceries cast adrift in the eternal void. His body soon perished, but the great magic of his gift kept his spirit intact and will allow him to give one final prophecy to those who find and open his starcophagus. Having completed its one thousand year orbit of Ore the starcophagus has returned to the planet streaking across the sky and trailing fire from its superheated shell. The starcophagus plunged into the surface of ore. The heat from re-entry melting the planet's crust and leaving the cooling prison embedded deep below the ground in some ghoul haunted forgotten tunnels from an age long past.

When the starcophagus is opened, the withered corpse of Zemuel coughs forth a cloud of dust and speaks in a deep crackling voice a poetic prophecy which will come true.

Prophecies of Zemuel Lek (1d4)

1. In the womb fires of Ore, you will awaken the Primordial Adversary, whose bloody menace will haunt your days until it is imprisoned with love.
2. In the bower of urchins a saint has been born, motherless and fatherless. Find the child or the Iron Cathedral will fall.
3. Beneath the Tower of El-Barki lie the bones of the demon Krzgarkuz. A stalwart may fashion from them a weapon of might and destiny.
4. A serpent twines 'round the heart of the city, drinking deep from the life of the people. Its life must end ere the curse be lifted from the city.

WRS



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METAL GODS OF UR-HADAD



Formerly Formerly Ian
the tentacle wizard
wants to party with you

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